The Formula:

Rhubarb.

][Is Ipecac.

P. Peppermint

A loes.

Nux Vomica

S is Soda.

Po secret as to its formula. Ripans is the tablet or solid form of a very common prescription, advised and prescribed by doctors all over the world as a cure for constipation, indigestion, loss of appetite, headache, pain in the side, dizziness, "full" feeling and other common ailments of the stomach and bowels. Your physician would probably give you just such a prescription if you went to him with any of the above complaints. One will relieve you. It will not cure you == nor will two==a box will.

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THE BOY OF THE LANTERN.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

(Copyright, 1895, by Joel Chandler Harris.) "Of course," said Mr. Thimblefinger, "all of you can tell better stories than I can, because you are larger. Being taller, you can see farther, and talk louder, but I sometimes think that if I were to climb a

tree I'd see as far as any of you."

"Well, I hope your feelings are not hurt," remarked Mr. Rabbit, sympathetically. "It's not the fault of your stories that I fall asleep when you are telling them. It's my habit to sit and nod at certain hours of the day, and if you'll watch me right close you'll see that I sometimes drop off when I'm telling a story myself. I'll try and keep awake the next time you tell one." "I'm afraid I'll have to prop Mr. Rabbit's eyellds open with a straw," said Mrs.

Meadows, laughing. "I'll just try you with a little one," Mr. Thimblefinger declared. I'll tell you one I heard when I was younger. I want to see whether Mr. Rabbit will keep awake and I want to see whether there's a moral in the

So he took off his little hat, which was shaped like a thimble, and ran his hand over the feather ornament to straighten it out. Then he began:

"A long time ago, when there was a great deal more room in the country next door than there is now, there lived a man who had a wife, one son, a horse, a cow and a calf. He was a hard-working man, so much so that he had little or no time to devote to his family. He worked hard in the field all day, and when night came he was too tired to trouble much about his son. His wife, too, having no servant, was always busy about the house, sewing, washing, cooking, cleaning, patching, milking and sweeping. Day in and day out it was always the same. The man was al-ways working, and the woman was al-ways working. They had no rest except on Sunday, and then they were too tired to

The consequence was that while the boy was a very bright lad, he was full of mischief, up to all sorts of tricks and pranks that some people call meanness. By hook or by crook—or maybe by book—he had learned how to spell and read. But the only book he had to read was one with big pictures of men dressed in red clothes and armed with yellow cutlasses. The book was called 'The Pirooters of Peru-

eru," suggested Buster John.
"Oh, no," replied Mr. Thimblefinger. don't suppose any such country as Peru had been found on the map when that was written. But never mind about book was written. But never mind about that. The boy read only that book, and he became rather wild in his mind. He wanted to be a pirooter, whatever that was, and ed himself with old hoe helves gle to his side and called it a cutlass, and he ot him a broom handle and called it a

times they called him Jack for short. Some people said he was mean as he could be; but I don't say that. He was fonder of scampering over the country than he was of helping his mother.

self out with work. The next morning she neighbors, who had come in to see what the matter was, said that she would never

"Maybe he didn't know any better because he wasn't taught any better. But one morning his mother was so tired that she

took heart to look around, he found him-self in a part of the country that was new to him. This caused him to dry his eyes, for he was perfectly sure that he had traveled neither fast nor far enough to be be-youd the limits of the numberless journeys had made in all directions from his father's house, and yet there he was, suddenly and without knowing how he got there, in a country that was altogether new "It was just like when you came down

through our spring gate," said Mr. Thim-blefinger. "The grass was different and the trees were different, and even the sand and the gravel were of color that Johnny had never seen before. Suddenly, while he was wondering how he could have missed seeing all these strange things when he had



dressed, came out of the woods and stood him. She neither smiled nor looked severe, but pity seemed to shine in her

face. "'What now?' she said, raising her hand to her head. You have come fast and come far. You are in trouble. Go back. When you want me, go to the whispering poplar that stands on the hill and whisper

my name.'
"'Who are you?" asked Johnny, forgetting to be polite, if he ever knew how. "The keeper of the cows that roam in the night,' replied the lady. When you go to the whispering poplar that stands on the

hill whisper this: O keeper of cows that roam in the light, Come over the hill and lend me your light."
"Johnny would have thanked the woman, but in the twinkling of an eye she was gone without making a sound, and not a blade of grass shook to show that she had been there. Johnny turned in his tracks and started home the way he came. Before he had gone far he stopped to look back, but

the strange country was nowhere to be seen—only the old familiar hills and trees that he had always known.

"When he got home there was a strange woman cooking and fixing his father's supper. The table was set and everything was almost as neat and as tidy as it used to be when his mother was alive. Even his own little plate was in its place, and his mug with the picture of a blue castle painted on it was sitting near. But Johnny had no appetite. He went to the door and looked in, and then went to the stable. Once there he sud-denly remembered that he had forgotten to drive the cow in from the pasture. He went running to get her, but found her coming along of her own accord,

"Johnny wondered a little at this, but it soon passed out of his mind, and he got behind the cow and made her go faster. He drove the cow into the lot and waited a while for the woman to come and milk. But she delayed so long, he went to the house and found his father eating supper. Instead of going to the table he went and sat by the fire

something she was not in the habit of

"'Have something to eat?' said the woman.
"I am not hungry,' he replied.
"Have a glass of fresh milk, then,' she

severything very still in the house, and the peliphors who were there were kinder to him than they ever had been, and then he kinder they will be the would never get three they were the woods, crying as he went. His eyes the woods, crying as he went. His eyes there so full of tears that he couldn't see where he was going, and he didn't care.

Said.

"Not tonight,' he answered. Thave for the bride ten yards of blue ribbon, ten yard

thought about it until he forgot all about his grief. He noticed that as soon as his father drank the milk he began to smile at the woman. He smiled at the woman, but was cross to Johnny.
"After supper the woman went out, and

after a while Johnny went out, and leaving his father sitting by the fire smcking his pipe. Johnny went to the lot, thinking the woman had gone there. He wanted to see whether she would milk the cow. He crept alongside of the fence, and scon he was near enough to peep through a crack without being seen. He saw the woman rubbing the cow on the back, while the calf was getting all the milk. 'You see how good I am to you, sister, said the woman. Now I want you to be good to me. When that boy Jack gces after you to the pasture I want you

to lead him a chase. I saw him beating yeur calf today. But see how good I am to your calf, sister. I let it have all the The cow shook her horn and switched her tail, and Johnny, sitting in the fence corner, wondered what it all meant. "I see, said the cow, after a while. You want to marry the boy's father and the boy is in the way. But suppose they

find you out. What then?" "Trust me for that, sister,' said the woman; 'trust me for that.' Johnny waited to hear no more, but crept away and went to bed. He was dressed and out by sun up next morning. but the woman was up before him and had breakfast nearly ready. Johnny asked her if she had milked the cow, and she replied that she had forgotten about the shelf, and when he looked at it he knew the cow had not been milked, else the sides of the pail would have been

"But the cow had been turned out, and the calf was sleeping contentedly in the fence corner, instead of nibbling the grass. Johnny drank no milk at breakfast, but his father did and smiled at the woman more than ever. During the day Johnny fergot all about the cow, but when night came, he knew she must be brought up, so he went to the pasture after her. She was not to be found. He hunted over the hills and fields, and then, not finding her, began to cry.
"Suddenly the lady he had seen the day before stepped out of the wood and spoke

to him. She held in her hand a tiny lan tern. "'Take this,' she said, holding out the lantern. "'You wouldn't call me, and so I came to you. 'I forgot," whispered Johnny.

"'Don't forget any more,' said the lady. 'Take this lantern and run to the whis-pering poplar that stands on the hill. You'll find your cow tied there. Drive her home and don't spare her.' "Johnny found the cow tied to the poplar

sure enough and he made her gallop home as fast as she could. He blew out his tiny but it dropped from his hand and he could and it no more. He ceased to hunt for it after a while, and drove the cow to the lot, where the woman was waiting.

"'Go get your supper,' she said to "'Yes'm,' replied Johnny, but he went

off only to creep back to see what the woman would do. He could see she was angry. "She abused the cow terribly. 'You are "She abused the cow terribly. Tou are a nice sister," she exclaimed, "to let that boy bring you home so early."
"'Don't sister me," moaned the cow.
T'm nearly famished and that boy has nearly run me off my legs. Somebody that couldn't see caught me and tied me to tree this morning and there I've been all day. We'd better go away from here. That boy will find you out yet.'

"Then Johnny crept away, ate his sup-per and went to bed. He slept late the next morning, but when he awoke he found that his father, instead of being at work, as was his habit, was smoking his pipe and talking to the woman, and both were smiling at each other very sweetly. That afternoon Johnny went to bring the and her. He hunted and hunted for her until long after dark and then he went to the whispering poplar that stands on the hill, and said:

one eye only and that eye shone as fiercely as a flame of fire, as its head swayed from side to side. It came rushing to the popthere. Johnny peeped from behind the tree nothing more than his cow, with a tiny lantern hanging on her horn. She stood there panting and trembling. Johnny wait-ed to see if the keeper of the cows that roam in the night would make her appearance, but he waited in vain. Then he drove the cow home, turned her in the lot and went in the house to get his supper. His father and mother were sitting very close

"Have you brought the cow?" the woman asked. "'She's in the lot,' replied Johnny. "You are a smart boy,' said the woman.
"Thanky, ma'm,' exclaimed Johnny.
"So it went day after day. The woman would make the cow wander farther and farther away from home, and Johnny would go to the whispering poplar that stands on the hill, and call for the beautiful lady, the keeper of the cows that roam in the night, and soon the cow would come running and lowing. Then Johnny would drive her home by the light of his little lantern. This happened so often that the neighbors and in-deed the people in all that country, when they saw a light bobbing around at night would shake there heads and say, 'There



goes Jack with his lantern,' and then after a while they called Jack of the lantern.'
"One day he heard two of the neighbors talking about him, saying it was a pity that so bright a boy should have such a stepmother as the woman his father was about to marry. Then Johnny (or Jack, as he was sometimes called) knew that his father was preparing to marry the woman who was keeping house for and it made the boy feel very wretched to think that this woman was to take the place of his mother.

place of his mother.

"That very day he went to the whisporing poplar that stands on the hill and called for the keeper of the cows that roam in the night. The lady made her appearance and then, Johnny told her his troubles. The lady smiled for the first time. Then she told Johnny that if he would follow her directions his troubles. would follow her directions would follow her directions his troubles would disappear. She gave him a roll of blue ribbon, and told him what to say when he presented it to the woman just before the marriage took place. She told him also what to do with his little lantern Johnny went home feeling years much tern. Johnny went home feeling very much better, and that night his father told him he was to have a new mother the next day. He said nothing in reply, but smiled as if the news pleased him.

Johnny lay awake that night a long time, and once he thought the woman came and leaned over his bed as if to listen, but just then a cow not far away lowed once, twice, thrice. Then the woman went away, muttering something. man went away, muttering something.

The next day the invited guests began to assemble early, and after a while the preacher came. The women neighbors would have the bride to stand up in the middle of the floor to admire her just before the ceremony, and when she stood up, Johnny began to march around her, waving his lantern and his blue ribbon and singing: and singing:

Her snowy white bosom, her snowy white Five yards to pin on her snowy white bo-And five to tie in her hair.

"I have a lantern to light her along with—
To light her along with, to light her along I have a lantern to light her along with, When forth she fares in the night; Out in the dark, the ribbon will rustle— The ribbon will rustle, the ribbon will

rustle—
Out in the dark the ribbon will rustle, And the lantern will lend her its light!" "Johnny threw the blue ribbon over the woman's shoulder and around her neck and waved his lantern, and instantly the woman disappeared, and in her place stood a cow. Before the people could recover their surprise the lady that Johnny had seen at the whispering poplar came into the room and bowed to the company. "This is the most malicious cow in all my herd,' said she, 'and this brave boy has caught her. Here is a purse of gold for his reward. As for you, sir,' turning to Johnny's father, 'you may thank your son for saving you from this witch.' Then she bowed again, and went away, leading the cow, and neither of them was ever seen in that country again.
"But to this day, when people see a light bobbing up and down in the fields at night

they say, 'Yonder's Jack of the Lantern!' The Patent Baby Washer.

Mothers, read this. A most useful invention for nursery use, called a "baby washer," is announced, and the inventor describes his infant machine

You simply insert the begrimed infant in an orifice, which can be made any required size by turning for four minutes a cog wheel with electrical attachments. The child glides down a highly polished plane. His lips are met at the terminus by an India rubber tube, from which the infant can draw lacteal nourishment of the purest and most invigorating character, secured for the special purpose at great expense from a choice breed of the Alderney cow.
While in this compartment, which is plate glass, mirrored, the perturbed spirit of the infant is soothed by its frantic efforts to demolish its own image, reflected in the glass, with an electroplated combined tooth cutter, nail knife, rattle and tack hammer, which is thrust into the baby's hand by an automaton monkey. Fatigued by its destructive efforts, the infant falls to sleep, while the organ at-tachments play softly the ravishing melody of "Put Me in My Little Bed." Then it slips into the third compartment. Here the body is washed. Another small tube administers a dose of soothing sirup, and the infant glides from the machine, its rails pared and its hair combed.

From the London Truth. Most people make a distinction between what they are pleased to call immoral lies and white lies. But they are at considerable fault to define where the one ends and the other begins, and there is no doubt that the acceptance of the so-called society lies has contributed in no small measure to deaden the qualms of conscience with regard to the untruths of a more serious description. And yet, what would we do without these white lies? How could soclety exist if there were not some such formula as "Not at home?" And what a number of disagreeable invitations we should be forced to accept did we not have at our beck and call the conventional lie with regard to a "previous engagement!"

Balls would become a source of torture
rather than of pleasure to the fair sex
were they obliged to dance with overy wkward swain who considers it his duty to ask them; and how, when demanded by your host for your opinion with regard to his children, his wines or his cigars, can you possibly tell him the plain unvarnished, and, in nine cases out of ten, disagreeable

RARE AUTOGRAPHS

A Volume in the Senate Literally

Chicago Record's Washington Letter. In the office of the Secretary of the Senate is a volume of autographs that is as rare and interesting as any in America. As is well known, all of the official communications from the President to the Senate from the beginning of this government are preserved, and Gen. Anson McCook, when secretary of the Senate, selected a few of the greatest historical interest and had them bound in red morocco covers. They are all executive documents, and all but one are nominations to office. That one is a message from the President of the United States, and reads as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Senate-The President of the United States will meet the memat 11:80 o'clock to advise with them on the terms of the treaty to be negotiated with the southern Indians.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON. "New York, Aug. 21, 1789."

Another interesting document, in the handwriting of the second President of the United States, reads:

"Gentlemen of the Senate—I nominate George Washington of Mount Vernon to be Lieutenant General and Commander-inof the Senate-I nominate Chief of all armies raised and to be raised in the United States. JOHN ADAMS. "The United States, July 2, 1798."

In the same penmanship appears the fol-lowing, which shows that John Adams was not above appointing his own son to an important office. It will be noticed that he dates all his communications "The United "Gentlemen of the Senate-I nominate

John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts as minister plenipotentiary from the United States to the King of Prussla. "United States, May 20, 1797."

In addition to these are the nominations of Jefferson's cabinet and Madison's, which are written in his own handwriting on a single sheet of paper. The nomination of Quincy Adams are also preserved, as well as that of Andrew Jackson, who wrote all his nominations with his own hand. Next comes the nomination of Roger B. Taney to be chief justice of the United States in the well-known penmanship of "Old Hick-ory." The nominations of every cabinet from Jackson down to Cleveland are preand Polk are in their own handwriting. A curious paper is Andrew Johnson's nomination of U. S. Grant to be general of the army. It was written by a clerk on a sheet of ordinary legalcap paper with a blank place in which Grant's name was inserted by Johnson himself. The list of Grant's cabinet was made out the same way. A clerk had taken a sheet of foolscap and NOTHING LIKE IT. written "I nominate — to be Secretary of State," etc., and the blank was filled out in Gen. Grant's own hand. One of the papers reads as follows: "To the Senate—I nominate William T. Sherman to be general of the army of the United States in place of Ulysses S. Grant, resigned.

U. S. GRANT."

Sheridan's nomination to be lieutenant general accompanies this, and was made on the same date and in the same form.

The nomination of President Hayes' cabinet was made out on printed blanks, a sheet for each one, as are those of Presidents Garfield, Arthur and Cleveland. The

The Crown Prince of Germany, though only about twelve years old, has a very ready wit and a queer way of saying things. He sees the funny side of a situation at once.

One day, while visiting Potsdam, the little prince was amusing himself by trying to make a donkey draw a cart. But the donkey was stubborn and would not "go."

Alexandra is naturally strong in her to show what she has surrered is a strong to the left limb, which is fa appearing.

Alexandra is naturally strong in her to show was stubborn and would not "go."

Alexandra is naturally strong in her to show was stubborn and would not "go."

Alexandra is not show which is fa appearing.

Alexandra is not show a cart. But the donkey was stubborn and would not "go."

PART IN THE HAIR.

A Change in the Style of Arranging

From the New York Herald. After years of struggling with curl papers, crimping irons and all sorts of devices to make straight hair curly, it is now the fashion to have smooth, well-kept, demurely parted hair, and a difficult mat-

ter it is to change it back again, as every truthful woman will admit. The smoothly brushed hair is in reality much more troublesome to attain than curls and frizzes, for the natural gloss of the hair and the desired smooth look can only be attained by careful and long continued brushing, which few women who have not a maid can give. "Parting is," as one woman says, "such sweet sorrow," for when a woman is no longer young, or has lost the fine oval her face once possessed, a parting is almost too severe to be be-coming, particularly if the hair be brushed smoothly back from the temples. Still older in effect are the waves of hair

ing the ears.

Mrs. Kendal and some few women with blond hair of her shade can stand it, but the majority of women will do well to leave it alone, and to show some indepen-dence of character by arranging their hair in the most becoming manner, utterly re-gardless as to what their younger sisters may elect to do. By the way, a rumor comes from Paris that parted hair is not to be the fashion much longer; that, even more trying still, the pompadour roll surrounding the face is to be the thing. If this be so, then for a return of the rats. Those curious abcminations of our methers' time over which the half the state. ers' time, over which the hair is brushed, will once more be used. With the hair brushed back in this fashion, it is to be arranged in the shape of a figure eight, quite high at the back of the head, and the Psyche knot, which has been with us long enough to become modified into quite a graceful arrangement, will have to go.

It would be well for all women when they start to arrange their hair in some new fashion carefully to study the effect on their profile. The line from the end of the chin to the back of the head can be made years early grateful. made very easily grotesque, and this few women seem to realize, and make themselves look, from a cursory side view. strangely like horses. The hair also at the back of the neck should receive careful attention. Very few women are blessed as regards prettily growing hair at this part of the head, and the ugly, straggling locks must be carefully pinned up if a handsome contour is desired

Beggar-"Have you any old clothes to give away?" Householder—"No; but I have a new suit I'd like to sell."—Life.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITH REMEDY MAKE (From the Times Union, Albany, N. Y.) Four years ago Mrs. Markham, who resides on let street, corner of North Swan, noticed a sensitive spot on her left limb. It was apparently nothing serious, but soon developed into a sere, and before long the limb was a mass of electronic limb. Mrs. Markham employed some of our best physicians, a dozen or more in all, but she obtained no relief. In fact, was told that nothing could be done for her, so for four years she suffered with these dreadful ulcers, which has eaten their way to the bone.

aheet for each one, as are those of Fresidents Garfield, Arthur and Cleveland. The last paper in the book is the nomination of Gen. Grant to the retired list of the army, and it is signed by Grover Cleveland.

A Witty Reply.

A Witty Reply.

From the Amusing Journal.